The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

A Choice Collection of Readable Paragraphs.

THE monument to Edward I. on Burgh Marsh, in England, the scene of his death, has just been carefully restored at the expense of Lord Lonsdale.

Lord Bute, who has a colony of beavers on his estate at Rothesay, in Scotland, is going to resent several to the Zoological Gardens, the breed there having died out.

AT the Grosvenor Gallery opening in London the æsthetes mastered in strong force in very "green-yellery attire," and attracted far more attention than the pictures.

A workman was examing a hole which he had just bored in a factory floor at New Britain, Conn., when his eye was destroyed by a red hot iron thrust through from the other side.

Prof. Huxley says that those who have taken an active part in science should be killed at sixty, as not being flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. He is himself nearly fifty-seven.

During the past year 2,039 vessels were wrecked and property estimated at $1,400,000,000 destroyed. Add to this the property lost in fires and see what an appalling amount of capital is utterly lost.

THE Pope, who has been slightly indisposed, is now quite well. He is engaged writing a long Encyclical, to be published about Easter, closing the Jubilee Year and setting forth to the Episcopacy the present situation of the Papacy.

THE venom of serpents is said not to differ chemically from human saliva, however powerful are its effects. Ammonia, long thought to be its antidote, does not render it innocuous. The poison when mixed with ammonia kills precisely as though it was pure.

Henry Merz of St. Louis pitied Mrs. Dinkelmann on account of her martial infelicity, and paid all the cost of a divorce. Then he married her. But within a year he was cured of his love for her, and employed the same lawyer who had procured the divorce to annul his own marriage.

IT is thirty years since the cable between Dover and Calais was completed. The first message was handed to Prince President Louis Napoleon on Dec. 31, 1851. Prior to the message an electric shock fired a gun to salute the Duke of Wellington, then at Dover for the last time as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

THE Zoological Society in New South Wales, who have successfully introduced trout and perch into that part of Australia, have renewed their efforts to introduce salmon, and have applied for and received from the United States Fish Commission two boxes containing 40,000 ova. These, after great care and trouble being taken with them, have been safely deposited in hatching boxes at Bowenfels.

IT is asserted that the nutritiousness of apples has never been properly appreciated and that they are far more nourishing than potatoes. Cornish workmen say that they can work better on baked apples than on potatoes. There is a dish in Cornwall called squab pie, made of mutton with slices of potato, apple, and onion, and, strange as it may seem to many, it is excellent. Cornwall is the country for meat pies, as the miners carry their dinners with them in that form.

THE practice in Pennsylvania coal mines is to leave pillars of coal in position to support the roof until the rest of the level has been taken out. Then the pillars are sometimes removed, but it is a dangerous operation, even when strong and numerous timbers are inserted. It is in this part of the work that most of the casualities of the mine occur. "Robbing the pillars," is the term used in describing the careless removal of coal from these supports, and the miners continue the practice because it is an easy way to get the coal.

THE island of Harem of the British Channel group, after being vacated by the Trappists some months ago, has again been purchased by another of the monastic orders hailing from St. Pierre de Chartreuse. During last spring Harem was purchased by the Trappists. A father superior, accompanied by five brothers of the order, took up their quarters on the island for a few weeks; but they ultimately left rather suddenly, not having found the climate and surroundings so suitable for a permanent settlement as they had expected.

Three lovely sisters—Lizzie, Fanny, and Mary—lived in Louisville, Ky. Lizzie and Fanny admired the same young man. A discussion about him one day ended in such a terrific combat that Mary had to interfere in behalf of Fanny, who received such a beating that she had to be put to bed. Mary went to town and got a warrant for the arrest of Lizzie, who, when she was brought to jail, swore out a warrant against Mary; so Mary and Lizzie are both in jail, and Fanny is in bed from her injuries, while the young man, the cause of all of it, is nodoubt running around the streets, possibly with an other young woman.

THE lion tamer attached to a menagerie at Edinburgh, after the lions had been fed, was leaving their cage, when he slipped and fell. This accident proved an irresistible temptation to one of the lions, who, although it had already dined, made a rush at him and seized him by the fleshy part of the arm above the elbow. Being recalled, however, to a sense of propriety by a sharp blow, the lion loosed his hold, leaving only the marks of its teeth on the arms of its victim. The lion tamer, having dressed the wound himself, subsequently reappeared in the menagerie and put the animals through their usual performances.

Dr. Boggs was murdered by or through the connivance of a number of persons at Ironton, Ohio, and the hanging of one of them by lynchers a few days ago seems to have been an attempt to learn their names. John Wagoner was in jail for the crime. Twelve masked men took him out, drew him up with a rope over the limb of a tree, and then let him down to confess. But he would not betray his accomplices. The operation was repeated several times, but not a word could be tortured from him, and he was finally choked to death. Then Daniel Feck, a suspected man, was taken in hand. A single lift of the rope made him tell the whole story of the crime, and his life was spared.

Good-Morning.

Don't forget to say "Good-morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind inspiration in every "Good-morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good-morning" it is also of kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

CHILDREN seem to be very precocious in crime in California, or adults very childish in legislation and the administration of the law. The State prison at San Quentin, according to the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, contains twelve boys, ranging in age from eleven to fifteen, who are serving terms varying from four to fifteen years. Two of them were convicted of burglary, for entering cars standing on a side track. The same railroad owners who procured these convictions persuaded the Supervisors of San Francisco to pass an ordinance imposing imprisonment in the county jail upon children under sixteen who jump on or off steam cars while in motion. Of course, boys who are sent to jail or the State prison for such offences are soon trained into hardened criminals.

Kate.

From the United Irishman.

Yes, that's her picture!
She was—say forty.
Winning? Yes, as a girl of twenty.
We met under the shadow of a palace.
Pretty? More than pretty, and all woman.
Eyes? Yes, as black as Cleopatra's;
She said the fire would never die:
That black eyes meant lasting love.
Humph! Poke the fire, old man.
Manner and form?
She was just splendid—
Willowy and graceful as a fawn.
It was a dream.
Such as agents always have.
Yes, we met again in our own land.
Was it a quarrel? No:
Loving more than ever, she said,
Under great oaks
That grew amid the fragrance of rare flowers.
In the twilight we parted for a time.
As I went down the dusty road,
She sang, "Good-by, Sweetheart!"
The song was balm to me.
I thought it told her love—but she meant it.
Go, some one else has her love.
Will we meet again? Perhaps.
In the Persian, Kate means wayward.
And in this she was a true Persian.
Do I love her? What a question!
Good-night, old Boy—
I say, Bob!
Do we say tender things of those we hate?

A Talk With Farmers About the Weather.

American Agriculturist.

What can be foretold about the weather? Not guessed at, but predicted on some basis of reason, with a fair degree of certainty, say three or four chances to one.

The desire and the attempt are very old. The Good Book speaks of those who, two thousand years ago, used to say at evening; "It will be fair weather, for the sky is red"; or in the morning, "It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

And ever since then have there been, as now, plenty of weather prophets on a small scale, both on the sea-coast and in the interior, sailors, farmers, and others, much in the open air, who have had considerable skill in discussing and interpreting weather indications. Within the past 33 years, first the Smithsonian Institution, and now the Signal Service Division of the Army, have taken up the business on a large scale, publishing maps and sending out "indications" for the whole country two or three times a day.

But with longer forecast, many people attach great importance to several "signs." When the squirrels and the field-mice lay up abundant stores of nuts or grain; when the fur is heavier and the feathers thicker; when the beavers and the musquashes build higher dams and thicker huts, it is by many supposed not merely to indicate that it has been a favorable season, so that corn and nuts are more plenty, and easier to gather; the beasts and birds better fed so as to be able to make better fur and feathers; the streams higher and the supply of material greater for the dam-builders, and the hut-makers, but in addition to foretell an unusually severe winter.

But alas! these signs often fail, just as the wild geese have often started north in premature warm weather, only to encounter heavy snow storms, and the groundhog come to grief from trusting to his shadow.

So, latterly, have arisen Vennor, Tice and others, making themselves conspicuous by predictions of what the weather will be for the next month, or even a twelvemonth ahead; sometimes contenting themselves with general prophecies of hot weather with showers in July, and cold boisterous winds with occasional snows in December, which generally prove true, unless we happen to have a cool July or a mild December; and sometimes at a venture, hazarding specific guesses of extraordinary variations, seldom coming true, and generally needing to be amended and explained after the fact. Now what are we to believe in? How much credit is to be given to these predictions, by the farmer who desires to be neither an old fogy nor a "greenhorn" who is too easily hoaxed?

With regard to any prognostications as to the weather, one year, or one month, or one week ahead, he is to pay no more attention than he does to patent medicine advertisements, or agents for patent churns. Those who have longest and most carefully studied and recorded the weather, know best, that beyond two or three days, no predictions can be made possessing the slightest reliability, or that should be taken into account in making our plans. There may be lucky guesses, as there may be woful failures in guessing.

Everybody has full liberty to guess what the weather will be at any time in the future. But when anybody undertakes to label his guesses for weeks or months ahead, "predictions," and to issue them as guides for the farmer, or the traveller, or the clothing dealer, he, in the language of Shakespeare, "writes himself down an ass." When he undertakes to get money for doing this, he shows himself a swindler on a level with other quacks.

But for one or two, or even three days ahead, the weather may be foretold, two-thirds of the time with great certainty, the other third with more or less of doubt. And not only can this be done by the trained observer at the signal station, but it may be attempted with good success by any intelligent person who has access to the daily weather maps, or even to the full daily report. It would be a great gain to the community if our daily papers would give us these reports in full as they are sent out, instead of cutting them down to the mere "indications" for their own vicinity, even if they had to lessen the space given to horse races, base ball matches, dog fights, and police courts.

The whole theory of foretelling changes in the weather, with the idea of the telegraph, is based upon the fact that our weather changes come, as a general rule, from the west and not from the east; that the great waves of barometric pressure, which we name *high* and *low*, and whose alternations produce our storms, move across our country from west to east, and almost never in the opposite direction, so that for our weather to-morrow, we look to see what it is to-day to the west of us, with very little interest as to what is going on toward the eastward. Thus in New England, a northeast snow-storm is often telegraphed as coming from the south-west, from New York or even from Virginia, or the Carolinas, or even further South.

The pressure of the atmosphere in the temperate zone varies about one pound per square inch, and is indicated by the barometer, varying from 29 inches (low) to 31 inches (high) as the extremes, the ordinary variations being only about half as great. Now the storm-centre is at or near the place of low barometer, where the pressure is least, the air from all sides rushing towards this with a rotary motion, which in very severe storms is named a *cyclone*. Sometimes, however, the areas of high and low barometer extend in long lines across the country from north to south, but moving from west to east; as in many of our "cold waves," extending sometimes from the Lakes to the Gulf. The greatest fall of rain or snow is usually a little in advance of the storm-centre, while the barometer is falling. When the centre has passed, the barometer begins to rise, and clearing weather may be expected, generally with north-west winds.

These storm-centres, or "areas of low barometer," or "low pressure," oftenest make their appearance a little east of the Rocky Mountains, very often in Dakota, and then move with greater or less rapidity toward the Atlantic, generally due east. Occasionally a storm-centre develops in Texas, and moves north-east More rarely cyclones make their appearance in the West Indies, and follow along the course of the Gulf Stream, the outer edge sometimes reaching the Atlantic coast, very rarely extending inland.

Out of 100 storm-centers noted during 1879, one moved north, 3 southeast, 24 northeast, and 72 nearly due east. Their velocity varies from 20 to 50 miles per hour so that either storm-centers or cold waves travel from the mountains to the sea in from two to five days, then passing off upon the ocean, frequently taking a north-easterly direction after reaching the coast. Sometimes a storm may be deflected from its course, or spend its force midway, or increase in severity, as it moves eastward. It is these possibilities, together with the varying velocity of the wave, which render us dependent on the telegraph for its record of daily or even hourly progress, and which sometimes contradict the best-founded predictions. But with all these possibilities of error, 80 to 90 per cent. of the predictions are verified, and upon perhaps 71 per cent. our reliance may be almost perfect. At times, either on land or sea, a single warning may save property to an amount greater than tht whole annual expense of the bureau, to say nothing of life and comfort. Our weather then, in general terms, comes from the west, and when we read in the papers that "an era of low pressure with heavy rain and severe gales is developing in the upper Mississippi, or upper Lake Region," the farmer had better not begin his haying or his harvesting, and the traveller had better not set out by way of the lakes or the ocean, until it has passed by. While if in the fall or winter, you read that "an area of high pressure with violent winds and rapidly falling temperature is prevailing" in the same regions, the farmer had better look to his young stock, and make all snug about cellar and barn, and the traveller will do well to take his heaviest overcoat.

Bearing in mind these few simple facts, every farmer or farmer's boy who has access to the daily "indications and reports," or better still to the daily weather maps, may become, to a great extent, his own weather prophet, for two or three days ahead, and thus neither be taken in by the guesses of those who make predictions to sell, nor fail of the advantage which may often be gained by a tolerably definite and reliable knowledge of what sort of weather is coming.

How Japanese Widows Wear Their Hair

My new friend the teacher was a widow and meant never to marry again. But do you say how did you know, when you couldn't talk together? I know by her hair. It is a science of Japan—this study in the doing of the hair. The age and sex of a baby may be known by the tuft in the back of the neck, or the ring around the crown, or the bunch left in front while all the rest is shaved. A girl of 8 or 9 has her hair made up into a bow on the back and wound round with red crape, while the front is shaved bare and bangs dangle at the sides. A young lady combs hers high in front and arranged as a butterfly on the back of her head, and plumaged with gold or silver cord and gay hair-pins of gilt balls. Some very stylish young ladies prefer to have their back hair resemble a half open fan instead of a butterfly. A married woman must keep the waterfall style, while a widow who is willing to think of matrimony wears her hair tied and twisted around a long shell hair-pin placed horizontally across the back of the head. But when a widow firmly resolves never to change her name again she cuts off her hair short to her neck and combs it back without any part. This is the way my new friend, the teacher, wore hers.

Philosophy in Ebony.

Remember, young man, dat de man what han'les de most books ain't de best eddycated. I knowed a bookbinder once dat couldn't read.

I may differ frum de religious folks when I say dat I's got more respect for de woodpecker den I has fur de dove. De dove is ceitful. He'll coo around an' coax yer into sympathy, but as soon as yer back is turned he goes ober inter der field and pulls up de young wheat. All dis time de woodpecker has been diggin' a worm outen a tree.

Ebery provision ob nature may be wise, but I doan see why a body should suffer so much in cuttin' teeth. A dog doan hab no trouble, neder does a coon, but nature gives fits to de baby. And dis de preachers tell me, is on account ob de political trickery ob Adam. I'se glad dat he was counted out ob de garden ob Eden. Everybody what walks de flo' wid a teethin' chile is a natural enemy ter dat man.

I had noticed dat all great men retains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. Dis scar heah is where my fodder hit me wid a sassafras sprout.

One Way to Get a Wife.

Michael Lycet waited until he was 37 before seeking a wife, and then found the job less easy and more costly than he had expected, though he had the advantage of a considerable bank account. He lives at Nicetown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He gave a fiddler, whose occupation put him in the way of knowing a great many girls, $10 as a fee for introducing him to an eligible party; but the girl with whom the agent put him into relations favorable to courtship was cross-eyed, and therefore unsatisfactory. A second payment of $10 to the fiddler resulted in an acquaintance with Miss Nolan, who jilted him after receiving two dresses and a cloak; and subsequently with Miss Casey, to whom he gave a bonnet, shoes, gloves, and hosiery before finding out that she would not marry him. Then Michael discarded the fiddler and struck out for himself with Miss Moran, the daughter of his landlady. He gave to a Police Justice, a few days ago, the following account of his experience with this girl: "Furst she axed for a silk dhress. De yez moind that? Sez I, 'Will ye marry me?' 'It's hasty ye are,' sez she. 'Margaret,' sez I, 'it's no silk dhress ye'll have from me till ye promise.' 'Very well,' sez she, wid a smile on her, 'I'll be Mrs. Lycet on Christmas Day.' 'The day before Christmas,' sez I, 'it's married in the mornin' we'll be.' 'Phwat mornin'?' sez she, openin' her eyes and starin' in me face. 'Christmas mornin',' sez I. It's New Year's I sed,' sez she, as bould as brass. I wur bilin' mad, but she 'stud like a cow in the mud, an' cud nayther be druv nor blarneyed. So I waited, an' to put her intil shpirrits I gev her a twenty-seven-dollar goold ring. On New Year's Day she sint me a litther sayin' she'd not marry me if I wus made of goold." It was to recover the ring that Michael resorted to the Police Court, and, meeting with success, he has sued all three deceivers to make them give up all his presents.

"Don't you think that Miss Brown is a sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied Jane; "that is to say, she is well preserved."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Sure to Supersede Gas—Its Great Illuminating Power.

A writer in London *Truth* maintains that electricity is sure to supersede gas. In the city, he says, "the electric light companies are paid the same prices as the gas companies received, but furnish four times the light. Their generators are run by heat from gas, but with the gas that produces, when burned as an illuminant, the light of 12 candles they produce an electric light of 1,600 candle-power by the arc system, and could produce sixteen separate 12 candle lamps by the incandescent system. He sums up the present system in London, of electric lighting thus:—

"Streets are now being lighted with it at one-forth the price of gas; incandescent lamps can be introduced into every room of any house as soon as the mainsare laid; there can be a separate meter to each house; the lamps can be separately lighted, and put out by turning a cock; if one light goes out, no other one is affected; the sub-division is so complete that there is no glare, and yet a room with incandescent lamps is far more brightly lighted than with an equal number of gas lamps; and an equal amount of candle-power produced by electricity is cheaper than an equal amount produced by gas. In addition, the electric light has no odour, it does not vitiate or heat the air, nor does it, like gas, tarnish paint and decoration."

The writer then considers the prospects before gas companies, assuming that they will be driven out of the illuminating business into that of supplying gas with which to run the electric light and for heating purposes. He takes the cases of the London Gaslight and Coke Company, which charges 3s. 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet. In order to compete with coal for heating purposes, the Company would have to bring down the price of the gas at least 50 per cent, as well as improve its quality. He then endeavors to prove that if the price were reduced the Company could not possibly pay interest upon its ridiculously inflated capital, which he declares is greater by £3,000,000 than the sum for which its entire plant could be duplicated. Whether the calculations are right or not, there is no doubt that he is right when he lays down the following principles which should guide Legislatures in dealing with electric light:—

"If the right to lay mains under the streets be granted to any particular electrical company, that company would have a practical monopoly, for it is clear that it would be impossible to allow rival companies to take up the streets at their pleasure. No company should, therefore, be given these powers. For years we have regretted that the supply of gas has been in the hands of private companies. These companies have been allowed to charge rates to secure to them a net ten per cent. profit on outlay, and they have enjoyed a monopoly. The consequence has been that the outlay has been reckless, that revenue has been squandered because there has been no control over it, and that the companies and their officials have regarded their customers much as a feudal lord in the middle ages regarded the wretched serfs attached to the glebe. We must not again fall into the same error. Electric lighting must be for householders and by householders. The amount necessary for plant and working capital must be raised at 3½ per cent. on the security or the rates, and the lighting of the metropolis must be in the hands of the representatives of the ratepayers."

Straw in the Manger.

New York Tribune.

It is not at all difficult to rot down a straw pile, and by so doing to germinate and kill most of the weed seeds contained therein; by making the stack very flat, so as to catch much water, it rots rapidly, and so soon as it gets once thoroughly wetted, by repiling it soon heats and decays. But the stack or pile of straw at best only contains carbon and silica in quantities, and these are the most common and least valuable of all the elements of plant food. The quantity of potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid is very small indeed, and there is no method by which this pile of straw can in any way be changed into manure containing any more of these valuable elements than were in the stack originally. If we tread this pile down it will only be a pile of wet straw, and if we rot it ever so thoroughly it will only be a smaller pile of thoroughly rotted straw, and at best little better than so much swamp muck. It is only by the use of straw as an absorbent, and as a coarse food for fattening animals, and by using with it much rich food, such as corn, bran, oil, or cotton seed meal, etc., that we can change it into a manure that shall really be very valuable to use, and that will largely increase the crops where used. We must not expect that we can raise large crops of grain year after year, and sell the most valuable part, and by any method turn the straw into a manure that shall keep up the fertility of the soil, if we manure only with straw we must expect to grow only straw upon the land. It is unfortunate for any man to be so situated that he cannot afford to raise stock to eat up and tread down the straw, and to be fed richer foods, so as to make a full supply of rich manure. With any system of farming we now have, the land must, sooner or later, become exhausted and cease to yield profitable crops if we fail to return to the soil the essential elements of plant food removed in such crops.

Meet Me in the Morning.

Detroit Free Press.

He had been absent a year, the youngest pupil at a boys' school, and now his mother was expecting him every day, and she went about, proud and happy, telling her friends of the improvement in his studies, and always ended with his being such a good boy. Then comes a telegram from Willie himself, the first real message he had ever sent—how funny it seemed, from that baby—and there was just this simple form, "Meet me in the morning." His mother went about all day with it in her hand, reading it over as if it had been in her child's own handwriting. Then she smiled to herself as she pasted it carefully in a scrap book, while somebody suggested framing it to hang over the mantel. But all the friends loved Willie; he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—and he did not come in the morning! There came instead the dread news of hasty illness, and his mother hurried to her darling boy, but it was too late! The despoiler had done his work—he was breathing out his little life in the sleep from which he never would fully awaken here. Only once, toward the last, he unclosed his eyes swiftly and saw the dear mother face bending over him and murmured, with dry, husky lips: "Meet me in the morning, mamma." Dear boy! it is morning with him always—the morning light of fairer than Italian skies—while we yet grope among the shadows. But by and by

We shall go home at evening
And find it morning here.

A LUCID DISPATCH.—A senior, desirous of revisiting his native haunts, sent the following dispatch to his father: "Telegraph me to come home at once, otherwise I can't come." To which the answer immediately came: "Come home at once, otherwise I can't come."

POUR LES DAMES.

The Empress Augusta of Germany has given $600 towards the proposed Garfield memorial hospital.

According to the New York *Herald* "only about one girl in twenty makes a good wife." What's the average for husbands?

For robes de chambre, the most fashionable models are the Greek or the Recamier matinees in plain colors, adorned with waves of lace and satin ribbons or narrow bands of fur.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

If there is any one form of jewellry more in vogue than another, just now, it is that which is representative of a flower, a knot, and above all, flies, bees and insects.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is said to be almost worn out by her Russian tour. She has been playing twice a day for several weeks. In Warsaw she was to have played fifteen times in seven days.

Next season black will be universally worn again, and foulards and trimmed surahs will be the fashionable fabrics. It is predicted that black gros-grain silk will be restored to the favor it lost when lustrous satins became the fashion. Gathered ruffles will doubtless be the fashionable trimming.

A most beautiful tidy can be made by taking a square of satin, lined with a stout piece of holland. The satin may be either painted or embroidered. The border should be of Miracourt lace, with the heavier parts embroidered in floss of one color that harmonizes with the tints in the decoration.

William Repp, of Menominee, Wis., a laboring man, came home one night and found his wife hanging in the wood-shed by a piece of clothes line, dead, and on her dress was pinned a note with the following: "The reason why I do this is because I am too lazy to do my own work, or even to make any thing for myself to wear.

Red Tape in India as Elsewhere.

Bombay Gazette.

Even the Bombay Government has occasional moments of relaxation. At the beginning of the rains, Mr. A., the head of an important though not permanent establishment, purchased for his puttawalla a cheap great-coat and umbrella. He then sent the bill into the Accountant-General. The Accountant-General declined to pass it on the ground that puttawallas attached to temporary establishments have no right to great-coats and umbrellas. Mr. A. replied that his establishment, though temporary, was certain to last through the rains, and that unless the puttawalla was protected from cold and wet by the ordinary means he would probably be laid up and become useless, and therefore it was assuredly in the interest of the Government that he should be provided with the orthodox umbrella and great-coat. Letter followed letter. The Accountant-General, however, was obdurate. Finally Mr. A. requested that the whole of the protracted correspondence might be formally laid before Government. The case was of sufficient interest to elicit an important resolution from His Excellency the Governor in Council. His Excellency held that the Accountant-General had only done his duty in declining to pay for the great-coat and umbrella, but that, as Mr. A. had shown that the work of his department would be impeded if the puttawalla were laid up with cold through the want of a great-coat and umbrella the bill for 3 rupees and odd might now be passed, but not as a precedent, and provided always that if the department ceased to exist before the said great-coat and umbrella were worn out that they should be sold by auction, and the amount realized refunded to the Accountant-General.

A Fiend Incarnate.

An extraordinary instance of human ingratitude and depravity is reported from the little village of Irondale, a suburb of Chicago. A few days ago Edward Mueller was stricken down with the smallpox, and having no one to administer to his wants was placed in a most pitiable condition, Ralph Johnson and his wife, a middle-aged lady, assumed the role of the Good Samaritan, and nursed Mueller until he was approaching convalescence. About ten o'clock last night Mueller, who was lying in bed, arose from his couch, requested Johnson to lay down, as he (Mueller) was feeling better, and would like to sit up for a few hours. Johnson complied with his request, and soon fell asleep. As soon as Mueller found out Johnson was sound asleep, he searched his benefactor's pants pockets, and secured his little mite, $17.50. The wretch then visited a room in which Mrs. Johnson was sleeping, and, after uttering threats of death if she made an outcry, violated her person. He then made his escape and has since evaded capture. Immediately after his quitting the place, Mr. Johnson, who had collected her scattered senses, hurried to her husband's bedside and informed him of what had occurred. The poor man was almost frantic. A few of the neighbors were gathered together and instituted a search for the villian, who, if captured, would be dealt with summarily, but no clue was obtained.

Picking out the Weak Points of a Horse.

The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, with legs plumb and naturally poised. If one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart or straddles with the hind legs, there is weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish or milky cast eyes in horses indicate moon blindness or something else. A bad tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and hard, and does not move easily and smoothly to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and his digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose respiratory organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard, it is an indication of trouble—let him go.

How beautiful is the exhibition of humanity in the young. A little boy found a poor half-frozen wasp in the garret and placed it upon a chair before the parlor fire to thaw out. Surely the angels must have looked down approvingly on such an act of kindness. When sister Mary's beau called that evening he glanced at the chair and seated himself in it, murmurs: "Oh, bless heart, how thoughtful she is of my comfort!" Two minutes later there was so much noise and racket in the parlor as if it had been turned into a den of demons. The wasp had thawed out; that is why Mary isn't married yet.

ENGINEER IRVING'S HEROISM.

How He Saved Many Lives at the Peril of His Own.

Shenandoah Valley Virginian.

Now and then, in quiet times of peace, emergencies spring up which demand the highest order of heroism. One of those emergencies occurred at Waynesboro on Wednesday of last week. Trains No. 22 and 14 and 12 and 16 on the Chesapeake and Ohio Road, going east, had orders to meet and pass four sections of extra trains, coming west, at Blue Bridge. The extras were late, and, as a consequence, 11 trains were blocked on the main track above Waynesboro awaiting their arrival. After three of the extra trains had passed, the first section of No. 14 started out and commenced ascending the heavy grade to the tunnel. Rain and sleet were falling, and the engine of No 14 being unable to draw its cars the engineer of the train immediately following it, Mr. R. P. Irving detached the engine from his own train, and coupling on the rear car of No. 14, aided the ascent. After pushing the first train nearly a half a mile and giving it a good start, Mr. Irving reversed his engine and started to return to his own train, but ere he had reached it he saw a detachment of the train he had left coming down the mountain at a rapid rate, it having become uncoupled from the engine. In an instant the intrepid engineer realized the peril of the situation. Thirteen heavily loaded cars were coming down a 75-foot grade, and each revolution of the wheels was adding velocity to its speed. With rare presence of mind and an iron nerve that few men possess, Irving started his engine to meet the descending mass and break the force of the collision He ran up to within a short distance of the cars, and then reversing to lighten the shock clutched the lever in his strong grasp and bracing every nerve in his body awaited the catastrophe. A moment and the crash came. The shock of an avalanche could scarcely have been greater. One of the cars climbed up on the boiler of the engine and another was wrecked. But the brave man had accomplished his purpose. The wild train was stopped, and the engineer had saved many precious lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property.

"Yes, Sir, I'd Shoot him!"

Six or eight congenial spirits sat arounn a stove in a Grand River grocery the other night, and after several other subjects had been exhausted some one introduced that of panics in churches, theatres, and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark:

"Gentlemen, I just long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd give a new twenty-dollar bill to be in the theatre one night when there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one cool, level-headed man could stop the thing as easily as you could end up that barrel of floor."

"Well, I dunno about that," observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire, and hear it where and when you may, it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theatre in case there was a cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued, the grocer went to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a board, and gave three or four men the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "Fire" and "Powder," and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary, he fell over a lot of baskets piled between him and the door, got up to plow his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposite side of the street.

Atrocious Poisoning.

Several cases of atrocious poisoning in England of late have attracted much attention. A London physician has written a letter to one of the papers, in which he says: "Being in conversation with an eminent London physician and with and eminent provincial physician, I chanced to relate an attempt at domestic poisoning which had come under my notice in course of my practice. The provincial physician related a similar one, the London physician another one. He then added: 'Here are we three, each with such a case, and probably more than one in our experience. Estimating that there are 18,000 medical practitioners in Great Britain, I believe that 12,000 of them could tell tales of the same kind. How many instances are there which escape detection?'" It is not admitted by most commentators on this curious intimation that there is any such prevalence of poisoning as these figures would seem to indicate. Nevertheless cases of attempted poisoning are not infrequent. There seems to be no safeguard against them. For in England, at all events, the regulations against the improper sale of poisons are very strict.

Pay Your Debts.

If you would have the world friendly with you, then avoid creditors. The debtor's chain is cold and heavy, and its links rust on the heart and make it cold and weary. Credit is a hungry wolf and hunts down its victims like a hind is hunted in the forest; there is no escape from its eagle eye, no matter how skillfully you may run the gauntlet from your office to your home, or home to office. You may, in order to steer clear of its votaries, turn down some unfrequented street, dash around some corner or into an alley, but you are just as sure to bump against another more formidable than the one you got rid of. Debt is a cup of sorrow within itself. Pay-day will come and will always come to soon, you can not glide it over and hide it either from friends or foes. Like oil in water it rises in views always, and there are always sneerers ready to mock it; 'tis an unsheathed sword hanging by a thread. Pay as you go. Do without, is a cross that few know how to bear; learn to bear it and be a man among men. Nobody's slave. Ease does not exist among unpaid notes, nor happiness in the apparel owned by your sneering tradesmen.

Mysterious Disappearance.

Nine months ago Mrs. Hughes, an old lady, suddenly disappeared from her home in Fennel, and since then not a trace of her whereabouts or anything to show that she is alive has been discovered by her family. She was aged, feeble, and of weak intellect, and the supposition is that she wandered in to the heart of some swamp—while trying to make her way to Creemore, where a daughter of hers lives—and perished. The son has made every effort to find the wanderer, but without avail, and has given her up as gone forever. It is regarded as very strange that in the heart of a well settled district the disappearance of human a being should take place and nothing transpire to throw light upon the mystery.

LATE ENGLISH NEWS.

Jews in London—An Extraordinary Villain—Long Hours.

THERE are eighty-nine Jews in the London Stock Exchange.

SUNDERLAND is proud of Harry Cooper, a miner, because he is 7 feet 8 inches in height.

THE Glassfield Directory of the London Metropolitan Charities shows their income to amount to over $26,000,000. Four Bible societies have a total income of $400,000; fifty-six home missions, $2,350,000; twenty-three foreign missions, $4,000,000; twenty-three charities for the blind, $265,000; 163 pensions and institutions for the aged, $2,000,000 etc.

STARVING FOR SIGNALMEN.—A number of glaring cases of overwork of railway signalmen on various lines, during the prevalence of recent fogs, was reported lately at the head offices of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, City Road. Amongst the reports was one stating that the "fog men" at Chester General station had been on duty "fog signaling" "for about twenty hours and over at a stretch without food."

THE American Palace Hotel to be erected on the Victoria embankment of the Thames in London, between the river and the palace of Whitehall, is to be nine stories high, accommodate 1,300 guests, be managed by Leland, of the Deleven House, Albany, the waiters and bar-keepers American, the capital $2,000,000, or £400,000, furnished by Englishmen with whom the idea, suggested by their liking hotels in America, originated. It will not be run for American travellers exclusively, but it is expected that Englishmen will patronize it.

AN Extraordinary Confession.—Brooks, a farmer near Leck, in Staffordshire, made a most extraordinary confession just before he died, recently. Two years ago two neighboring farmers, men of substance and respectability, named Johnson and Clows, were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for what was described as a "barbarous and brutal" assault upon Brooks. This man, however, now confesses that his neighbors were guiltless, and that he inflicted the wounds on himself in the hope of extorting money from them or their friends. The facts are to be laid before the Home Secretary at once.

SELLING out a Quaker.—In Falmouth some three months ago, the goods and chattels of a Quaker were sold by auction to meet his proportion of the rector's rates, and as the sum realized was insufficient another sale was announced to follow in a day or two. At the same time, in the mart at Tokenhouse-yard, London, was going on another sale equally scandalous to religion. It was the power of appointment to the sacred office with all the temporal benefits annexed to it, and the sale took place along with other freehold and leasehold property. There was made a protest against this sale by a churchman, who denounced it as a scandal. Although one was also made at the sale of the Quaker's goods, it was not made by a churchman, but by a Quaker.

THE Wimbledon meeting regulations.—A thousand volunteers accustomed to take part in rifle competition in different parts of the country have forwarded a memorial to the Council of the National Rifle Association to rescind the alterations recently arrived at making alterations in the position in which competitors may shoot at the Wimbledon meeting, alleging that by the regulations enabling men to fire in any position in which they can show the greatest skill with the rifle the greatest proficiency is developed, and that the proposed regulations would, by their restrictive character, lower the average shooting power of the force. The volunteers' petitions comes from almost every county in England, Scotland, and Wales, and the signatures include those of 80 officers and over 400 non-commissioned officers, many Queen's prizemen, and other distinguished shooters.

LATE SCOTCH NEWS.

A Vigorous Preacher—A Great Reduction in Rents—Big herd of Cows.

Several Free and U.P. Presbyteries have been discussing the question of Disestablishment lately, the vote being, as a rule, all but unanimously in favor of the movement.

The large herd of cows belonging to the Public Dairy Supply Company at Elderslie seems threatened with annihilation. No fewer than 46 out of about 500 have died within a week.

The Kelso Police Commissioners, who recently unsuccessfully attempted, by action in the Sheriff Court, to remove an itinerant auctioneer from his stands in the town, find that it has cost them just short of £200. Nice thing law is, and quite as dear as it is nice, and something more so!

The recent gales have made rare havoc in the south of Scotland. On Lord Breadalbane's Perthshire estates some 12,000 trees have been blown down in a circuit of a few miles, and on the Dunse Castle property in Berwickshire it is estimated that 50,000 have fallen. Some of the oldest and finest trees at Glamis Castle, were uprooted, and timber to the value of nearly £100,000, was floating about in the Firth Clyde.

Land rent reduction goes forward so much and so noiselessly in Scotland that it would almost appear as if the lairds hoped thus to avert the threatened legislation at the coming session of Parliament. In East Lothian, which is described as the home of high farming, nine farms recently were re-let at a reduction in total from £10,535 to £7,634. The rent of one fell from £1,600 to £1,000; of another from £520 to £200, and that of a third from £1,500 to £950.

An epidemic has broken out amongst horses similar to that which recently prevailed in London and other large towns in England. Horses in Glasgow began to be affected with the complaint about a week previously, and in the course of a day or two a number of animals had to be withdrawn from work suffering from the disease. The disease has been designated a "dumb cold," the symptoms betokening an affection of the lungs. It is said that the outbreak has caused uneasiness among the